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THE STRONG MAN.

Shortly after the flight of Diaz, the worn-out dictator of Mexico, the Herald, in discussing the situation in the republic to the south, declared that if a real Democracy was to be set up there, and if there was to be real freedom for the masses and stable government, then personal ambitions must be cast aside and the strong men of Mexico must unite as one man for representative government.

Madero has been elected president and has taken office; his regime has begun to take hold of Mexico and already the crack of the rifle is heard and there are some busy stories creeping out of Mexico of summary executions of political and seditious leaders.

Madero has not had the government in charge long enough for him to be judged, but there appears to be something radically wrong in Mexico. The balance of the world is willing to wait to see what Madero and his cabinet can accomplish in the way of real reform and representative government, before passing judgment upon him and his policies.

But it appears that in Mexico there are people who are not even that tolerant—who will not even give Madero an opportunity to get his government under way or his policies into effect. It seems that there are people in Mexico who stand ready to grasp arms and open fire at the slightest provocation and without awaiting the outcome of a regime which, if it does what it promises, can not expect to do it in the few brief days that Madero has filled the office of president.

That Mexico still faces a crisis is only too apparent. If there are enough people in Mexico who can be aroused by disappointed political leaders or by appeals to class and race hatred, then indeed Madero nor any other man can maintain peace and institute reform except with the Mauser.

Mexico, did she realize it, is on trial today, before all stable governments. Great wrongs her people have undoubtedly suffered in the past, but great wrongs can not be swept aside in a day nor wiped out in blood—for, as this country recalls with a shudder, the worst days of the civil war were the days after the guns of friend and foe had been stacked and the south was passing through the reconstruction period and the north was struggling for bread.

Unless the people of Mexico, irrespective of rank or ambition, have a love for Mexico in their hearts that will weld them as one man into establishing a government first and freeing it, little by little, from any evils it may possess, then Mexico is indeed in sore straits.

They say that what Mexico needs is a strong man; it is not so. What Mexico needs is strong men—and the more of them the better.

A TIMELY MOVEMENT.

Fond for reflection is furnished by the action of the Des Moines branch of the Union of the members of the International Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers' union, who yesterday voted to establish a pension fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the victims of the Los Angeles Times disaster, and who showed their good faith by starting the fund with a contribution of twice the amount that that union had contributed to the fund for the defense of the McNamara brothers.

The McNamara have pleaded guilty and have received their sentences. Honest union laborers in the country over have awakened to a realization of the fact that they have been victimized, and that they have been paying out money that could be spent for the defense of men who have abused their confidence and whom they in all sincerity believed to be the innocent victims of an unholy conspiracy.

What good can now come from denouncing the McNamara? They have received only slightly less than the full penalty of the law for their crimes. What is to be gained by passing resolutions condemning the poor devils who are facing a life-time of expiation? Demanding vindictive punishment of the criminals leaves organized labor in no better and no worse position than it was in before.

But in inaugurating a movement for the relief of the innocent sufferers from the crime perpetrated by certain of its members, union labor places itself upon high ground and

takes a stand which all good men are bound to respect and admire. It is not that such a stand is necessary to rehabilitate union labor, for in the minds of thinking men the cause of unionism has not suffered from the confessed crimes of the McNamaras; but this movement, more eloquently than mere words could do, tells of the sincere desire which the representative union laboring man feels to atone for a great wrong done by men who used the cloak of unionism to hide their own black crimes.

We look to see the action of the Des Moines union followed by other branches of organized labor all over the country.

The press dispatches tell us that the western governors were escorted to the capitol in Albany by a troop of cavalry. Let us hope that it was not the famous "Black Horse cavalry."

We may be a trifle peculiar in that respect, but we must admit that were we to have a choice, we would be just as inclined to believe James R. McNamara, confessed murderer, as Orlie McManigal, the man who squealed.

We would hate to have the job that Alexander faces in Los Angeles. If he made those ladies any promises and fails to keep them, what a life he is going to lead as mayor.

The result of the prohibition election in Los Angeles indicates that Luther Burbank's state has managed to grow a new variety of suffragette.

After all, it makes little difference what the color of the tea is, so long as it is available for use in prohibition communities.

The prince regent of China has abdicated. That's a good word—abdicated. In American slang it means that the prince has been canned.

The women voted in Los Angeles yesterday—as Mr. Harriman doubtless knows.

Our idea of it is that General Reynon is a fairly active man for one so ill.

Tennessee "regrets to report" that three more negroes have been burned down there.

What China really needs, we take it, is a good police force from the "old sod."

And who pays the bill for those western governors?

THE LORD AND THE DEVIL.

Two little darkies went waltzing and after filling their pockets and everything about them that would hold nuts, they started for home. Passing a cemetery, one suggested that they go inside and divide the walnuts equally, and thereupon the two lads scaled the fence, dropping two walnuts outside as they were doing so. Piling the nuts in a heap they proceeded to make a division. While they were thus engaged a negro came along the road, and, hearing voices in the cemetery, stopped to listen, and this is what he heard:

"Ah! take this one."
"Ah! take that one."
"Ah! take this one."
"Ah! take that one."
"Ah! take this one."
"Ah! take that one."

The darkies' eyes began to bulge. "Po de Lawd's sake," he suddenly exclaimed, "de debil and de Lawd's dividin' up de folks." And taking to his heels he fled down the road.

About a half mile away a white man rushed out and shouted:

"What's the matter? What are you running that way for?"
"Oh, don't stop me, boss; don't stop me, I must get away from hyah," wailed the frightened negro. "De debil and de Lawd's back in de corner, an' de Lawd's up de folks."

"You'd better come back with me and see what is going on," said the white man, and taking him by the collar, he forced the darkie to retrace his steps.

When the two reached the cemetery the voices were still going on:

"Ah! take this one."
"Ah! take that one."
"Ah! take this one."
"Ah! take that one."

"Now, we'll get de two outside ob de fence, an' we'll be done."

And they do say, said the story teller, that the white man beat the negro running.—Exchange.

'OL' NUTMEG'S CHRISTMAS SAYINGS

Recorded by Joe Cone.

A present in the stocking is with two in the store.

A hole in the hosiery is all right if it is a big one at the top.

Children ain't the only ones who are lookin' for plums shook offn the Christmas tree.

Too many Santa Clauses think that their presence is sufficient without any other presents.

People who say they are glad Christmas comes but once a year are gen'ly the ones who give the least.

Although Christmas doesn't come but once a year, that is no sign that of Santa Claus can't be on his job most of the year round.

It ain't what you believe in to whether they're a Santa Claus or not, it's what the little folks believe, an' you are to be governed accordingly.

If Santa Claus should perchance stumble over a cheer an' get hurt, he is justified in sayin' 'somethin' strong, pervidin' he keeps it to himself.

Doctor—I must forbid all brain work.

Poor—May I not write some verses?

Doctor—Oh, certainly!—Christian intelligence.

SUGAR BEET FACTORY FRISCO IS AFTER FOR PORTALES IS ASSURED OF DRUGS

A Large Number of People Have Signed the Contracts and It is Expected That Project Will Go Through.

(Portales Times.)

D. A. Moun Day and friends of the sugar beet project have been working hard for the promotion of the sugar beet proposition that now faces the people. A great number of our people have signed the contract that virtually means to them and to the country a vast improvement financially and agriculturally. When these pumps that the company proposes to put in are once pouring forth the life giving waters upon the rich soil of this fertile valley the results will be great beyond all reasonable doubt. In spite of the fact that the farmer does not have to put up any money to begin with, it looks as though this proposition is in favor of the farmer and that his income is bound to be great, for the engines will run on different kinds of cheap oil only costing from five to seven cents per gallon.

A message was received yesterday from Mrs. Moun Day stating that she will return Saturday from Topeka, Kansas, with Messrs. Resnick, Quintine and Simms, who are stockholders and directors of the company. At present date there are no meetings called with the exception that today Mr. Moun Day went to Arch where he was invited by the citizens of that place to attend a Thanksgiving dinner and make a talk on behalf of the sugar beet proposition. They also requested that he bring with him a notary in order that he make contracts with the several farmers of that country that are anxious to progress and help to benefit the Portales valley at large.

It looks as though the proposition offered the people by Mr. Moun Day is a fair one and should be taken into due consideration by those the event to, and in fact have waited for the other man to make the move for progress. With this project we can expect to have something else that will materially aid and develop this broad scope of country that now lies in practical use. The many railroad magnates that have visited this city have not displayed their appearance merely to be here but are really in earnest about Portales and Portales valley and are ready and willing to make a move that means advancement when we have shown them that we are ready to carry our own burden. Let's get busy now and make a move that means, for all time to come, one that will help each and everyone that dwells in this land of sunshine and happiness—the Portales valley.

MISSOURI WANTS A STATE SONG

Professor Pommer Must Play Over Nearly Thousand Tunes to Decide Which Is Best.

Columbia, Mo., Dec. 7.—The busiest man in Columbia for the next few weeks undoubtedly will be Prof. W. H. Pommer, chairman of the committee which is to select music to which the new state song may be sung. Within the next three weeks Professor Pommer will spend all of his spare time seated at his piano playing compositions and humming the state song as he plays. The contest for a prize of \$500 offered by the state for the best music closed at midnight last Thursday. At that time Professor Pommer had a few more than nine hundred manuscripts in his possession. Before any are submitted to the full committee he will play over each composition on his piano in his studio. Some it may be necessary for him to play several times. To do this he estimates that he will have to put in more than 100 hours every day and in addition will have to work at night. After reading and playing each piece he will grade it as he would an examination paper in the university. These grades will be A, B and C. Only those which receive the grade of A will be submitted to the entire committee, but the committee will have the privilege of seeing the others if it desires.

The manuscripts have come from practically every state in the union and several foreign countries. Each has a motto with an envelope bearing the mark outside and the signature and address of the composer inside. Most of the mottos are quite long and as proof that all composers have their favorite songs they quote them as their mottoes or at least some of the verses.

Many of the composers also have marked their work with flowers and monograms, showing their poetic temperament. In a few instances their skill in art, according to Professor Pommer, equals that in music. All of the manuscripts, according to the rules of the contest, will be judged after the contest. Those who desire to retain their work, whether or not they win the contest, were warned that they must keep a duplicate copy.

The committee cannot be called to gather before the first part of January, says Professor Pommer, because of the great amount of work yet to be done in playing over the pieces and sorting the mass that the committee will not have to be in session many days.

AT BEDTIME.

(From Judge.)

Little Girl—"Would you get for Christmas?"
Little Boy—"A lot o' toys, an' gloves, whole lots of candy, nuts, an' cake, an' a doll of castor oil."

Crusade Against Dispensers of Morphine and Other Opiates Discloses Extensive Operations.

San Francisco, Calif., Dec. 7.—Confessions gained at the city prison by inspectors Guthland, Brown and Charnak from Augustus Syverson, a convicted morphine and cocaine vendor, implicate Clayton F. Richards, who poses as a wholesale druggist at 233 Clay street, as one of the largest illicit dealers in morphine and cocaine in this country, according to the state board of pharmacy officials. Evidence has been secured, said Attorney Thomas O'Connor yesterday, showing that Richards has for three years been carrying on an annual traffic of \$250,000 in the poison, and annually disposed of more than a third of a ton of the drug. The largest reputable drug store syndicate in the city sells about three ounces a year.

Armed with a search warrant yesterday morning, inspectors Guthland and Charnak broke into Richards' store and secured his records and letters bearing on the traffic, which show his methods. The letters reveal the fact that he secured his enormous supply of morphine and cocaine from a German manufacturing firm, the largest in the world. Richards is in Reno, according to his attorney, William Deal, and will surrender himself tomorrow morning.

The pharmacy board has secured evidence that Mrs. Rose Mentor secured her drugs from Richards.

Disbursed from Reno.

Richards sent the morphine and cocaine to Reno, and from there it was sent to those who ordered it here. Including an addressed package to the person who ordered it, he would express the drug in another package to the Flanagan Drugging company of Reno. There Flanagan would tear off the outer wrapper and ship the package back by express to the purchaser. The packages received by the purchaser bore the name of the "Mountain Drug Company of Reno, Nev."

The Mountain Drug company of Reno exists only on paper, and its incorporators are Clayton Richards, 599 Market; Miss Ethel Liver, an employee of the California Canteen, one share, and Mrs. M. R. Quigley, sister of Richards, one share. As far as the inspectors of the pharmacy board have investigated, the company was a blind, and no direct evidence has been secured showing that either woman handled any of the drugs.

Syverson in his confession told the inspectors that he had been supplied by Richards and acted as his agent. He told of how Richards used to write the names of the persons who bought the drugs on the inner package, and then seal it up in the outer wrapper to Flanagan in Reno. Inspector Brown secured a statement from Flanagan admitting the handling of the packages, but Flanagan declared he "was getting his pay, thought something was wrong, but never took the trouble to find out what the packages contained, as long as his pay was regular."

Syverson's confession also dragged Fred Schultz, an elevator boy in the Rothchild building, 233 Geary street, into the drug net. Syverson said that Richards had arranged with Schultz to cache Syverson's drugs in a cabinet in the basement of the building, while Schultz was getting a commission on the drug for keeping it, and Syverson turned the money over to him, and Schultz brought it to Richards. Schultz was arrested and released on bail.

Regarded as Important.

The pharmacy board officials regard the discovery of Richards' work as the most important development in the crusade against the sale of illicit drugs. According to Attorney O'Connor, Richards has been disposing of the drug throughout the state.

Among the records of Richards seized in the raid was a register book. Attorney O'Connor said that although entries had been made, all were in the same handwriting and the appearance of the ink indicated that they had been made all at once. O'Connor asserts that Richards attempted to shield himself from the law by making entries after the crusade was instituted here.

In the police court yesterday before Judge Sholl, there were eleven convictions as a result of the big raid of last week. Four of those convicted were white men and seven were Chinese. In five of the seven cases fines were paid and the remaining six were sent to the county jail on fifty-day sentences. All the fines and paraphernalia were confiscated. Many of the other cases were continued until tomorrow morning.

The cases against John Edwards were continued until December 14th for jury trial on five counts. Mrs. Mentor's case and the Gleason case will be heard tomorrow morning.

THE ANGELUS HOTEL.

Mrs. Fred Mann, until recently located in the Korber hotel, is now in charge of the Angelus hotel, third floor Luna-Stricker building, Second and Copper. Mrs. Mann extends an invitation to all of her friends and former patrons, as well as the transient public, to stop at the new house, which is beautifully and newly furnished throughout.

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part.

For the best stable horses in the city call phone No. 3, V. L. Trimble, 113 North second street.



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All Fiber.....	8.25	Oriental Shervan.....	11.90

25x54 Axminsters.....	\$1.10
27x54 Velvets.....	\$1.75

These are record values—and remember, you may also win a Free Dinner Set.

STRONG BROS.

Strong Block
Second and Copper

BINGO IS A DOG WITH DELUSIONS

Will Continue Right Through the Holidays.

Bingo is a dog of the cur variety with the accent on the pointer strain in his make-up. Also, he is lug-horse, which no doubt comes from eating exclusively at the free lunch counters. Not that anyone is at all sure his right name is Bingo, but it answers well enough as an alias or handle to call him by. Bingo belongs to someone, presumably, because Col. George Washington Warde, the successor of Mr. Hunter as city dog catcher, has not yet caught Bingo in his dragnet.

It is thought that he belongs to some of the employees around the Santa Fe depot, for that is his main station. He has sub-stations at several restaurants and free lunch counters up town, where it is presumed that the employees feed him out of pity for his starved and emaciated condition. But when any of the Santa Fe men find him, they are asked who owns him, they all answer that it is someone in the freight office, or on the platform, a baggy rustler, or something similar, according to which department the man asked does not work in.

But, laying aside for a moment the question of ownership, and considering that of Bingo's alleged waning mentality, there is no doubt that Bingo is as crazy as well, as crazy as some people were to be elected. That's all there is to that. Bingo is crazy, insane, demented, or what not; anyway, he has not real dog sense. Bingo has delusions. The big chief delusion with which he is affected is a right hot hunch that no Santa Fe train can get into Albuquerque in proper style from the west unless he comes in front of the engine from the south end of the station platform until it stops. Eastbound trains are the only ones which he so deigns to escort, westbound trains he being worth any notice whatever from the canine station master, as they only contain tourists, rich people and retired prize fighters anyhow.

But Bingo is the original doggy-on-the-dot for all the westbound passengers. Every morning, bright and early, he takes a pose down in front of the bulletin board, hangs around until he hears some person exclaim in disgust the exact delay on No. 10, and then wanders out to the edge of the platform and sits down.

When the locomotive comes in sight he lifts his paws an extra lick, straightens his tie, and prepares for the mad dash of Bingo, the dog warden, down the track. When the engine reaches the end of the platform Bingo hakes for Central avenue, keeping always between the tracks and bus far enough from the pilot to make good running time. When the engine stops, Bingo, considering that he has done his whole duty, departs for places up town where the dishwasher has been known to give a friendly paw a bone or two on occasion, and there he collects his pay for labor well performed. On occasion he sits in front of a favorite haunt of this nature and catches flies.

In the afternoon Bingo again appears on the scene, and transacts the same business with all the eastern trains. Having finished his daily stint, he hies him forth to places unknown for the night. Sometimes he waits for late trains, but not often. He evidently considers eight hours a day's work.

Once, in a spirit of fun, an engineer "let 'er out a couple" for Bingo's benefit, and heaved him a few yards with a shove-tap from the pilot. Since then he runs farther in front of that train than of the other trains. Bingo sometimes, as a special mark of favor, escorts a switch engine up the yards, never down. This he does in return for scraps from some switchman's lunch.

Several heroic attempts to rescue Bingo from the clutches of an approaching locomotive have been made, but he always manages to evade his would-be saviors and continues his journey up the track.

NO VACATION

Will Continue Right Through the Holidays.

The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, has arranged this year, as usual, to accommodate all of its students who desire to continue their studies during the Christmas holidays. Those who especially desire to return to their homes to spend Xmas, will be excused on Friday evening, December 22nd, and will be expected to take up their work again on or before January 1st, 1912. Usually about four hundred students remain and work right through the holidays.

New students may enroll at any time during the Xmas holidays. We advise all to enroll as early as possible. There is nothing to be gained by waiting until January first. We have no term openings, our school is the same one day as another, just like a bank, railroad or business house. The students' work is principally all individual instruction, and each and every student is pushed each day to his full capacity. Slow students are not overworked trying to keep up with fast ones, and fast students are not held back and discouraged on account of slow ones. It would really be better to enroll and get started before the big January rush.

Upon arriving in our city, come direct to the College, where you will be given prompt attention and choice of free boarding place with private family at a cost of from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per week for board and lodging.

Tuition for a complete, unlimited life scholarship of bookkeeping, shorthand, or Telegraphy is \$50; any two courses combined \$95. If you have not read our large, beautifully illustrated free catalogue, write for one. It will give you full particulars and detailed information regarding America's largest and greatest commercial school. The school that gives you an education for which the business world promptly and gladly pays cash.

HOME.

(Union Citizen.)

In a sort of quiescent, unoccupied way, most every man feels the force of the oft sung line, "There's no place like home," but the sentiment pounds in his ears and yanks at the roots of his heart strings when he comes home again after a season of months of blistered sitting in the smooth, glassy surface of a saddle, sleeping on the ground on top of a couple of shoddy filled quilts and under a horse blanket and a dirty tarpaulin, and sitting down under a bush, a cedar tree or a shelf rock to partake of a greasy flapjack or two, baked beans, factory cooked, a bit of dog meat or burro tenderloin, labeled under the pure food act as veal loaf or Vienna sausage, and a plaster of so-called jam, tin-canned, followed by a few blissful puffs from a cob pipe with Duke's Mixture or Bull Durham for a filling, those being about the only brands of tobacco that seem to have penetrated into the benighted region of certain sections of this great west. With the scentless smoke of those two travesties on real tobacco go out dreams of home, where, if you have the price, you can blow out in satisfied ecstacy the misty rings of Arcadia Mixture, Blue Boat or Old Smoke House brand, and with the dreams and in the smoke figures shapes appear that make that lump come out in your throat, not caused by indigestion, but real sentiment. They are figures that center about home life—first, of Her, sitting opposite you at the table, and smiling across, or with you at the cozy home corner in the evening; then all the friends you know back home, and the pleasant social relationships. Maybe they are all together, enjoying a few rich, juicy cantaloupes, Elberta peaches, fried chicken with cream gravy, boiled green corn, chawed off the cob, home-made bread and real butter, with that real scrumptious jelly spread on. But what's the use? You mutter under your breath one ex-

pressive word, the opposite of what all this signifies, damp bacon, canned stuff, flour, horse liniment, boots, soiled towels, left-over flapjacks, into the panniers, load them on the pack-horses, climb up on your horse, let yourself gingerly down onto the unyielding saddle and plod on. After three months and twelve, hundred miles of this kind of thing, "There's no place like home."

TWO DEUCES PLAN LENGTHY HIKE

Bernalillo or Isleta or Similar Point to Be Objective for Walk Sunday on Part of Club.

The Two Deuces club met last night in its club rooms and attended to a variety of important business, including the preliminary arrangements for a long walk Sunday, an all day affair. Isleta or Bernalillo will likely be selected as the objective point, though no report on destination has been made by the committee in charge.

The club voted upon the applications of ten new members, and will initiate them next Wednesday, with appropriate rites and ceremonies.

All the members of the organization were present, which speaks well for the enthusiastic interest which the young men take in their organization.

HESSLELDEN WILL LEAD HIGH SCHOOL TEAM

Halfback Who Played Stellar Game This Year for Local Eleven, to Succeed Fullback Kenneth Halcomb.

Yesterday afternoon the members of the High School football team got together and elected a captain for next year. The choice of the team fell on Louis Hesselnden, who played a mighty attractive game at halfback this year, and who, in former years has played a good game at end and quarter. Hesselnden is very popular with the team, and has the qualities that a captain should have for successful leading of a team.

Balcomb, the present captain, will graduate this year. Balcomb played fullback all this year, and was in the same every minute of the time. He made a good captain, and will probably be heard from on the Varsity team next year.

Hesselnden and Harry Frank were elected yesterday as managers of the boys' and girls' basketball teams, respectively.

Torturing eczema spreads its burning every day. Don't Ointment quickly stops its spreading, instantly relieves the itching, cures it permanently. At any drug store.

"George says he loves that little cut over your right ear."
"I'm glad to know that. I was just about to bang it on the other side."—Kansas City Journal.

ORPHEUM THEATER

COAL AND SECOND.

Great Randolph Show all this week.

Change of program every night.

General Admission, 10c